The heat

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The heat

by TCbook

Summary

Will Graham happened.

Notes

All my love to my lovely amazing beta @victorine read her stuff, is amazing.

This is the beginning of everything in this little series! Hope you like it.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Течка by Krayn_Aletale

“Will, let me introduce you to Dr. Hannibal Lecter,” Jack said, opening the door and letting the twitchy but confident alpha in.

And Hannibal smiled.

Something slowly started to change inside the omega, after that day, after Will Graham happened. After he smacked his alpha scent over Hannibal’s sweet, faint omega one, long faded with the lack of alphas of interest.

Hannibal was a man with patience, more patience than any other in not letting his hormones decide for him.

Until Will Graham happened.

His heart rate started to peak when he was closer to the alpha, his scent was getting more obvious, and his mood, oh his mood was like going back to his second puberty. He went from murdering, butchering and cooking one person a month to two every week, feeling sensitive and angry, frustrated but soft.

Hannibal felt his scent glands working again, his body peacocking in front of the apparently oblivious alpha.

The cramps surprised him, in his arms, his belly, all of his muscles. His body was starting to work again, achingly, like a clock with missing parts or some lubrication needed, rusty but still working.

All since Will Graham, the alpha in plaid, the alpha that sweated profusely and talked about not getting a rut in years. The broken alpha that came to his house just to tell him he had kissed Alana Bloom and made Hannibal cry and thrash in his bed that night even after killing three rude cashiers. That alpha was messing with his body in almost daily doses in Quantico and then in Hannibal’s own office with his deep scent and lovely blue eyes that made him shift a little in his seat while feeling the drops of slick ruining his underwear after so many years dry.

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Hannibal was sweating that day, his scent glands working overtime before the imminent steady knock of the alpha that evening, for their late appointment of every Thursday that made him moody, that made his breath hitch just thinking of him.

Hannibal opened the door and watched the alpha go inside, noticing how he saw the little beads of sweat gathering at his cheekbones, and how his tie was starting to stain with the dampness.

“Are you feeling alright?” Will asked, trying to hide from the omega how his nostrils flared with the thick scent Hannibal was emanating, the most beautiful lure nature could give him.

Hannibal hummed, acknowledging the question but not wanting to answer, because deep inside his memory palace Will had opened the door that was so long closed. Love.

Will had been asking him the same question for days now, sniffing with caution at that alluring scent of his, asking if he wanted something to eat, something to drink, to stay behind him at crime scenes.

Will stretched his arm up to reach his heated forehead, his palm feeling cool against Hannibal's skin. He was feverish, pressing against the alpha's hand while his ribcage rumbled low and velvety, like his accent with a purr.

On that Thursday, right in front of Will, he was going into heat.

Will drove Hannibal home, he saw how Will gripped the wheel with strong hands, keeping his attention in the road. Hannibal felt the subtle change of Will's scent tingeing with concern while driving him.

Will helped him until he was sitting on the edge of his bed, ankles shaking, cheekbones flushed, the last strands of decency keeping him from whimpering and presenting in front of the alpha that put him in that state. Hannibal wanted to beg, to present, to growl and purr under the ravaging thrusts of his alpha, his mate.

"Do you need anything?" Will asked, leaning over him, the palm of his hand sure and strong, cupping the side of Hannibal's neck, Will's thumbs caressing the red stripe of blush over Hannibal's cheek.

Hannibal pressed against the hand, seeking for his comfort, the scent and the sound coming from his body screaming *I need YOU*. Screaming loud enough to make Will sit and open his arms for Hannibal to go and seek for his place in the curve of Will's neck. One shaky breath finishing in a sob was all that it took for Hannibal to lose it.

And Will purred.

They started to nuzzle each other's necks until their lips brushed, softly engaging the kiss that sealed the end of their lives as they knew them.

"I've wanted you for so long." Hannibal hushed the words, hands roaming their bodies, opening buttons, tugging collars, pulling pants and shirts off with hurry. Hannibal was half naked, rutting against the alpha, hands trying to get rid of the last pieces of clothing while Will told him how much he wanted him, praising every inch of skin that he could reach, touch, taste. They had been playing this push and pull game for almost a year now without realizing that they wanted the same thing.

Hannibal started to whimper just when both were naked over his bed, his jaw slacking, his mouth watering at the sight of Will flushed and hard and growling with hunger.

"Alpha." Hannibal's voice trembled with anticipation, offering his body, hard and aching for the alpha to take apart, to break and gather together over and over.

Will kissed Hannibal before softly pushing him to the bed, their lips meeting while their cocks brushed together, slippery and hot with the alpha's hand squeezing them together. Will parted Hannibal's legs, pushing his knees to his chest.

"I want to see you," Will said before aligning and pushing in with a slow roll of hips until he was buried inside the omega. Their eyes rolled back with the smell of their conjoined arousals before Will started to move mercilessly. As soon as Hannibal felt the nudge of Will's cock at the bottom of his hole, he began plunging deep and hard while Hannibal tried to recover the air that came out of his lungs in the first push.

Hannibal felt like his body was giving way, like he was going to burst into flames in the most beautiful way he could imagine, more so when he felt the hard and heavy knot starting to fill and push, opening him wider than the already big girth of the alpha snarling over him.

Four days his heat lasted, mating, fucking and making love like time had stopped to recover all the lost years. Hannibal slept knotted and nested between Will's arms with the silent hope of staying like that the rest of his life.

One year later, they were shopping for the wedding.

End Notes

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